Shoud've interpret the evidence!

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Shoud've interpret the evidence!

by viflow

Summary

Oh my God, her job was to interpret the evidence, how could she be so stupidly oblivious? She spent another look between Dr Lecter and Will, just as Lecter tried to make Will to drink some more of the fancy, expensive mineral water.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Without doubt, Dr Lecter is an extremely weird, freaky fellow, that gives you goosebumps of chills on a regular day. But this is a day when Will is still in shambles due to the process of recovering from his meeting with the latest son of bitches.

A day ago, Will was standing, flushed, sweating and apparently sick of all this, yet despite his usual twitchiness, still trying to create a profile over the latest victim.

But now, he's asleep, looking draught, pale, fragile, surrounded by all that horrible machines to check on his vitals, and by white, too white, hospital sheets.

But… Dr Lecter is awake… And at the moment, he's driving Beverly mad with an uncharacteristic display of angst, and his constant pacing up and down around the perimeter of Will' bed in his usual (and Beverly, really, not even wants to think about the price of that) three pieced perfect suit.

And though, the doctors said everything looked great, and Will wasn't to suffer any life changing, disastrous change in his physical or mental wellbeing in conseqence of his injuries, Dr Lecter still looked and behaved weirdly weird.

And everything just got weirder when Will, heavily drugged up on anaesthetic, finally opened his blue-blue eyes and after blinking owlishly at Dr Lecter for a minute, his eyes flared up and his whole face transformed into a sweet, loopy, absolutely ridiculous, childishly innocent, besotted smile.

"Who're you?" Will breathed out, with blatant, unclouded interest.

A ghost of a smile twitched Lecter's lips upward while he gripped the undersides of his suit jacket with both hands to straighten it into a perfectly smooth line.

But because eyes narrowed and still a little unfocused Will just kept staring at Lecter intently for long seconds, then his face broke into another blinding smile, unguarded and defenseless, Dr Lecter just smiled back.

Smiled back with a smile that caught Beverly completely off guard. Because she's never before had a chance, and honestly, couldn't even imagine a smile like that on Lecter's handsome, aristocratic, cool, emotionless face, that until now, in the best scenario, in regard to any kind of emotions, only wore a superior, slightly bemused, mocking expression.

But now, the longer Lecter's eyes stayed on Will's face, the hazier those dark, fathomless eyes became with something buttery soft and adoring, like Will was the cutest, most wonderous, exciting thing in his world... Even before Will slurred out.

"God, but you're really beautiful."

And Beverly just stilled in complete disbelief. It wasn't really like a big surprise or something like that. After all, she wasn't blind. She saw the look in those shy, haunted blue eyes when they landed on Dr Lecter's face. But Will's never- ever been particularly vocal about things of his feelings, and the unguarded, spontaneous way he announced it, like it was

the most obvious thing in the world, made something amused, wonderous and light spread in Beverly's chest, before the sickly paleness of Will's face suddenly reminded her of the numbing fear she'd felt just a a day ago, when she saw Will curled up, his body twitching then all at once became motionless on the floor.

"Drink!" Dr Lecter hushed, placing a water bottle to Will's lips while the fingers of his other hands stroked back Will's curls from his forehand with incredibly gentle fingers.

With a frown, a little cross-eyed, and a suspicious expression, Will just stared at the opening of the water bottle touching his lips.

"Even drugged and out your cognizance, you're stubborn and defiant," Dr Lecter said with another fond curl of his mouth. Then his fingers cupped Will's chin and nudged his head closer to place the opening of the bottle into his mouth.

After obediently gulping down half of the water in the bottle, "I'm not. D'you always nag this much?" Will asked with a crease of his brown.

"Well, good to know you're coming back to your usual charming self."

"Shhh." Will put a forefinger to his own lips. "You talk too much."

With another soft, amused glint in his eyes Dr Lecter opened his mouth maybe to put Will in his place in his usual, polite, upper crust manner, but then Will winced a little as he shifted on the bed, and suddenly Lecter's face changed into something serious and worried as instead, he fussed with Will's pillow and bed sheets, pulling them protectively (and maybe a touch possessively) further up on Will's stomach, then picking up Will's chart from the foot of the bed, he gave it a long, thorough check, before his eyes skipped to Will's face again, just as Will declared.

"You are, you know. Really, you're just plain gorgeous." Will said again in something like awe. His eyes slipping to Beverly, he gifted her with another kind of sappy smile. "Oh, God, Bev, it's nice to see you." Then his eyes flicked back to Dr Lecter then back to Beverly again. ''Who is he? Where'd you find him?" He asked Beverly, his face flashed, excited and bashful before his expression morphed into another frown, "Bev. Why is he here?"

"He came with me. Actually, he was here before me…'' Beverly admitted, then after a second consideration she decided, she shouldn't mess with Will when he was like this, so she added. ''He's your psychologist.''

"Really?'' Will asked with another frown, then his lips curled into a disappointed pout. ''It's a pity. I really would've loved to ask him out on a date.'' His eyebrows ran to his forehead, then with a resigned sigh he ducked his head, ''Though, I'm not good at dates."

"You are perfect," Dr Lecter murmured under his breath in a way Beverly shouldn't have been able to catch if not paired up with the utterly, ridiculously soft, adoring look in the man's eyes. But before she could dwell on it what it really meant, she was distracted from that train of thought by the entrance of a nurse.

“Hey, Will,” she said, sending Will a broad smile before she too, picked up Will’s chart. “Everything going OK?”

“Relatively,” Lecter answered instead of Will.

The nurse pursed her lips with a worried frown. “Dr Lecter, you do know,’’ She started with a serious expression, “that we can’t discharge him and let you take him home,‘’ and Beverly’s head whipped up at that last word, “unless his vitals are steady and he can take in some proper food.’’ The nurse said after giving Will’s chart and face another scrutinizing look.

‘’Don’t you worry my dear!” Lecter said with a charming smile that could've melted the thickest block of ice. ‘’He’s just woken up, leave us for a bit and we’ll see.” He assured her, eyes darting toward Will’s face before he leaned in and stroked Will’s sweaty, unruly curls back from his forehead.

Will’s eyes snapped shut with a sigh. “My God, but I love your hand!” he all but purred as Lecter’s fingers kept stroking through his hair.

After giving Will a bemused smile, the nurse shared with Dr Lecter a soft, knowing look that made Beverly feel like she was missing something there. Something obvious that was nagging at the back of her head, but before she’d pay attention to it, the nurse smothered a laugh when Will gave her one of that beautiful, innocent, beaming smile.

“Isn’t he pretty?” Will asked, pointing at Dr Lecter. “His voice is so nice. And his eyes…” He gave a long, adoring sigh. ‘’I feel like I know him…” He whispered like a secret.

“That he is, Will. Quite pretty. You’ve made a real catch there.’’ The nurse answered, biting down on her bottom lip and sharing another indulgent, soft, amused look with Dr Lecter before her gaze darted downwards to the floor with a slightly poignant but wishful look. And when confused, Beverly’s eyes snapped back to Lecter, there was so much undeterred affection in the man's gaze as it slowly swept over Will's face, that honestly, Beverly didn’t know if she should laugh or cry.

Oh my God, her job was to interpret the evidence, how could she be so stupidly oblivious? She spent another look between Dr Lecter and Will, just as Lecter tried to make Will to drink some more of that fancy, expensive mineral water he brought in earlier.

Will nudged Lecter’s hand aside with an irritated, loud huff. “Stop nagging me. After all, maybe I don’t want to go on a date with you. God, you act like you’re my husband.’’ He grunted out with a small, derisive snort.

Dr Lecter and the nurse shared another long, bemused look, then the nurse gave Lecter a small nod.

“I’m your husband." Dr Lecter said bland, matter of fact. "You should drink Will, it’ll make you feel better. The more you drink, and then eat, the sooner you can come back home to me, and… your dogs.” Lecter added with a raised, challenging eyebrow.

Will let out a long, wistful sigh. ‘’I really miss my dogs,’’ then his breath hitched then caught when he tried to take in a lungful of air. “You’re married... to me?!” He asked, eyes going wide as a saucepan.

“Indeed, I am.”

The nurse attempt to hold back her gleeful smile was a failed attempt from the start, and Beverly supposed, herself just looked... Stupid and deranged... Even before Will beckoned her closer with a forefinger and a wide, wonderous smile, leaning in to the side of her face to whisper into her ear. “Bev. That’s my husband. Isn’t he the most beautiful, hottest thing in the world?”

And after sending a quick glance and taking in and processing the meaning of the ring on Dr Lecter’s fourth finger that was doubled on Will’s, and God, Beverly really needed to leave. Leave, before she started to cry from the sentimental meaning of all this, or from her happiness for Will, or from her own mortifying stupidity... that despite all the evidence, she hasn't realized it sooner.

Thankfully, she did have enough sense in her to plaster a genuine smile on her face and say it out, sincere and loud. “Wow... You guys... Wow again... Well Hell, you definitely took me by surprise.” Still bewildered, she caught one of Will’s hands between her palms. Then, after a quick glance at Lecter’s face, she released it like it was burning her skin.

Because, for God's sake, thank you very much, she could still interpret the almost feral, possessive look on Dr Lecter’s usually calm, bland, emotionless face-- there and gone in a split of a second as he inched closer to Will and took both of his hands in his palms-- exactly for what it was. Gulping hard, her heartbeats drumming loud in her ears, Beverly retreated to the door, promising to come back tomorrow to check on Will.

End Notes

I wrote it because I came across a Will&Beverly vid, and because, I just always felt a bit disappointed in the show, about letting her character murdered by Hannibal.

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